

# The Icelandic Canadian

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## Editorial

### THE NEW ART OF GIVING

For days now there has been a strained expression in the faces of the folk hurrying by. A tincture of anxiety and impatience typical of the annual Christmas preoccupation; a harried look, incongruous in holiday makers. Nor is this dissatisfaction confined to troubled shoppers only. Wherever "two or three are gathered together" the same lament goes up: "What in the world can I give so-and-so, she has everything. It is so frightfully difficult to select gifts, especially for men: of course if one has unlimited resources. . . ." A lament to be considered in these troublesome days when so many not only have very limited resources but many more none at all.

Thinking it over it occurred to me that we might reverse the order of our giving. To those who have a multiplicity of things we might give ideas a new angle on this ancient business of Christmas exchange.

For instance, we could practice the forgotten grace of serene acceptance, remembering that back of all this modern barter lies the lovely idea of God's gift to man. It is well to be reminded that Joy came to the world through receiving the Christ Child and that the gifts of the Wise Men were not an exchange but a symbol of their acceptance. Frankincense, myrrh and gold, these they laid in the manger to bespeak their understanding of the coming down to earth of a new covenant—that the fragrance and comfort and wealth of life lies in giving first place to Love—the Incarnation of Christ in Man.

Let us therefore be willing to receive graciously. From those who bring us costly gifts—costly to us because our purse is lean—let us accept this symbol of our friend's desire to renew his kinship with the Giver of all good things. Let us receive such gifts joyously for in receiving joyously we will have given the one thing our more fortunate friends need and are least likely to get: the enheartening gift of appreciation.

"Appreciation?" you may ask, wondering how that could possibly take the place of something concrete wrapped in tinsel and tissue paper. But if we pause to think we soon realize that what we really want to give is happiness, and what in all this earth warms the heart more than sincere spontaneous appreciation?

Nor should we forget that this is no easily acquired virtue. It is not only difficult but the mark of the rarest character. Naturally it is seldom encountered. Rest content, then, if your heart flows up in happiness at the fine gestures of your friends for you are rich indeed.

The poor in spirit only are bankrupt, for to have no joy in the well doing of others—even though this well doing be awkward and untimely—is to be truly impoverished. It takes a high heart and a fine understanding of Spiritual truths to realize that he who gives and he who receives is equally essential to the establishment of Peace on Earth and Good Will towards Men.

Suppose we resolve then to do this Christmas just those things which for years our hearts have longed to do. Let us be generous with ourselves

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as well as others. Let us eliminate all this fuss and fury of elaborate preparation for a day that commemorates the birth of the Son of Man, whose coming was as a song in the heavens and whose sole ambassador was a great White Star!

Peace and joy and kindness. Surely these are the fitting Christmas decorations since they fit us for a service of love which, when all is said and done, is the real mission of Christmas. Let us not forget, while lamenting our slender resources, that service is open to everyone and that from first to last the life of Jesus of Nazareth was one selfless hymn of service.

As the Holy Child He not only brought hope to a darkened world but dignity and blessedness to womankind. At twelve, confronting the scribes, His frank and fearless example must then as now, have been a lasting inspiration to youth and a check on the ancient conceit which holds that wisdom must at all times be confined to grey hairs!

It is enheartening to remember these things in this day of gloom and depression. To say to ourselves: The same Law which established the heavens and the earth, which maketh the sun to shine on the just and the unjust, and out of the follies of men produces fresh glories, is still at the helm of the Universe.

Nor will our poverty and distress shut us out from the promises of God. That thought alone is a precious and seasonable gift and worth passing on. For the promises of God are all dependent upon our ability to receive and appreciate. Instead of talking gloom let us try, therefore, to see in our present difficulties a sign pointing us back to the fundamental realities. Let us endeavor to perceive that all the superficial, noisy joys of more prosperous days were not making us a happy people but a nervous, discontented, thrill-hunting mob.

Contentment is a state of mind and Love the great liberator. Why then, should we not make of this holiday

season a festival of sincere, free-hearted giving? A giving of ourselves, spending regally those tactful, precious attributes which make up our personal charm? As I have already said by the act of receiving graciously we may serve our prosperous friends. By cheerfulness bless the down-hearted—only let that cheerfulness be sane and appropriate, not forgetting that oftentimes the sympathetic tear lightens the heavy heart. It is all a matter of sincerity and grief at least cannot be hoodwinked

Then here are the thousand small offices open to us all. For example, it is my good fortune to know a young girl whose whole source of wealth at the time of which I write consisted of twenty dollars a month and a heart full of loving kindness. This was her Christmas celebration: Her own work done, instead of enjoying a much needed rest, she hurried to a dreary little house on the outskirts of the city. Here five tearfully, dirty, desolated children were trying to comfort one another for mother was sick in the hospital and father hunting work on a nearby farm.

My little friend did not go empty handed. She brought a hamper from the church. She had asked for it cheerfully since, as she said, she had sewn fifteen aprons for the "Aid" that summer. Being what she was, this young girl could not stop at so niggardly a service, not she! She put the whole five to bed, washed their clothes and to keep them happy set them to telling stories. While the clothes dried she cleaned the house and cooked the dinner. "Oh, my" she told me later, "you should have seen their eyes shine when the pudding began to bubble! And when I had them all washed and dressed again they made the prettiest sight".

Such at least it must have seemed to the discouraged father when he dawned upon the scene. Instead of a darkened house, the lamps glowed cheerily. Warmth and fragrance and

happy laughter fairly leaped at him as he entered his humble door. Christmas meant something in that house. And all because one lowly human heart had lent itself to the source of true love

So let us not forget that today, as always, the same principles hold true. We have much for which to give thanks. Our husbands and fathers still spend themselves in our behalf. Let us bring to mind that all their splendid youth, their eagerness, their light-hearted aspirations have been harnessed to the humble needs of home. So, too, whatever may be said to the contrary, there must be nameless women who sanctify the old simplicities. Whether they be Marthas or Marys, they give us of their best. And, lastly, let us remember that in every little child the

covenant of eternal life is again renewed and that it is our great privilege to see in it the reincarnation of God's unfailing love towards man.

Let us fare forth, then, like the Wise Men of old, determined to lay hold upon lasting happiness. Determined to give unto ourselves this Christmas the blessed gift of kindness, one toward another; of laughter and serviceable little deeds and wholesome open-hearted neighborliness.

Surely, so doing, we shall wake to see Hope, like a star, rising once again high above our dark and troubled confusion. And know, too, the gladness that was Tiny Tim's when he cried for ages yet unborn: "God bless us every one!"

**Laura Goodman Salverson**



## Character and Leadership

War is a revealing thing. Like an X-ray, it shows symptoms in the body of a nation which in time of peace are not always so obvious. Strains, too, are imposed which in peace-time might be weathered, or patched up, but which in the stress of war may crack a nation's strength.

Mr. Edison, as Secretary of the U. S. Navy, says: "There is one ingredient in national defence that transcends all others. It is born of the hearts of our people and it may be called National Character. Without character and a deep-seated moral armament bred into the fibre of our citizens, no matter in what walk of life they may perform their tasks, there will be little worth defending."

The future of democracy depends on whether men of sound character will take their full responsibility in a nation's life. Sound character must issue in constructive action; and hard work, straight thinking, clean thinking, clean living and faith in God will give this na-

tion the toughness for the years ahead. Character develops as we have the courage to face the facts and be honest, as we refuse to allow our convictions about what is right to be wet-blanketed.

Men of Canada must be men of character, great enough to lead without ambition, and to train others for leadership; great enough to do an insignificant job with a passion for perfection; great enough to do the right thing without waiting for orders.

For unscrupulous nations with a hatred for our way of life can be defeated only by men who still consider moral standards manly, and who are triumphantly sure of what they are fighting for.

We need to be sure now and in the future, whether in the conclaves on Parliament Hill, or in debates in the Union hall; in a St. James Street office or a Main Street store; in the homes of Sydney, N. S. or of Victoria, B. C. that character becomes the only true criterion of authority and leadership.

—"Pull Together Canada" Press service.

## Christmas In Iceland

By REV. VALDIMAR J. EYLANDS  
Pastor, The First Lutheran Church, Winnipeg

Certain aspects of the Christmas season are uniform and universal among Christians the world over. Others vary greatly according to historical antecedents, cultural development, traditions, temperament, physical environment, and profession of religious faith. These things mould people in their outlook upon life, and determine the manifestations of their intellectual and emotional habits. The cardinal message of Christmas: "Unto you is born this day a Savior which is Christ the Lord," is the same from "Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand." But in the sunny south where the sky is constantly blue, where life is easy and the people light hearted and highly emotional, their interpretation of this message is apt to be unlike that of people of totally different temperament, living under adverse physical conditions.

The character traits of the Icelander, as well as his physical and mental habits are somewhat akin to the soil of his native land. Iceland, as is well known, is a land of great contrasts, of ice and fire. The majestic mountains and glaciers with their silvery hoods shrouded at times in clouds of gold or grey, the deep blue firths, the rugged and outwardly barren landscape, the lava fields, the lakes, the lean meadows, the occasional volcanic eruptions of fire and mist, the roaring waters tumbling from towering rocks into bottomless ravines, or the steaming water spouting from the bosom of the earth; all these have contributed to the mental outlook and philosophy of the Icelanders. The ice being more frequently and more abundantly in evidence at all times of the year than the fire, the people have through centuries of their associations with this grand and gruesome phenomenon be-

come somewhat cool, aloof, and stoic in their attitude, and rarely betray their emotions.

There are times and seasons however, when the Icelander thaws out, forgets for a while his drudgery and the ardour of his toil on land and sea, and rejoices in the common denominator of man's hopes and aspirations. Christmas is one of these times.

Christianity in Iceland is already more than a thousand years old. One of the unique features of the country's history was its formal acceptance by a parliamentary action in the year 1000 of the Christian faith. Of course the Althing's vote to accept Christianity did not make the land immediately Christian, but it gave the Church a chance, and the religion of Christ did eventually supplant the religion of Odin and Thor. The Christmas festival displaced the Roman **Saturnalia**, the alleged birthday of the sun, and the Norse **Mid-Winter** festival at which oblations were offered to induce Odin to grant a prosperous summer season. Many traits of the old faith were however long retained among the people and these together with numerous strands of folklore and superstition made themselves felt in the religious and intellectual life of the nation for centuries. Many of these superstitions clustered around the Christmas festival, and appeared, peculiarly enough in the weirdest type of complicated demonology..

Among the earliest reference to the Christmas festival found in the classical literature of Iceland, is that contained in the Saga of Grettir the Strong. (Grettissaga chapters 63-64.) Grettir, the hero of the story was killed at Drangey in 1031. Several years prior to that date he was a guest, at Christmas time, in the home of Steinvör of Sandhaugar



in Bardardal. On the nearby farm of Eyjadalsa was an old temple which had been converted into a church, served at the time by a priest, named Steinn. The singing of mass at Stein's church had apparently become a fixed custom at the time of Grettir's visit. But Steinvor's farm was haunted by trolls, and two men, including her husband, had been snatched from their beds on two previous Christmas nights, while the lady was away at the Eyjadalsa church attending midnight mass. They had been carried into a cave underneath a nearby waterfall to serve as Christmas dinner for the trolls. The third Christmas night, at which time Grettir was her guest, Steinvor did not dare to leave the house lest the misfortune be repeated. But Grettir volunteered to stay at home, so that she could go. During Christmas eve he tackled the female troll who came to fetch him, dismembered her, and later disposed of her husband by diving through the waterfall into the cave. This story shows two things: the early observance of the festival among the people, and the terrible fear and superstition prevailing at that time.

It is difficult for modern men to appreciate the demonology of these early days. But to the ancient inhabitants of northern Europe nature was animate, and the spirits either assisted man in his struggle of life, or they conspired against him. The idea of the conspiracy of evil spirits was accentuated in the cold and rugged north where danger seemed to lurk at every turn. For a long time Christianity was unable to dispel the gloom of these beliefs. True, the concept of God was clarified. He became a person, but somewhat removed from the affairs of men. The devil on the other hand remained on the earth, it was his domain, and his legions assumed the forms of trolls and fairies whose business it was to harass the people and beguile their souls. The world became a veritable theatre of devils, against which man

had to be constantly on guard. This world of evil spirits became particularly annoyed and active at the coming of Christ who had deprived them of their real power. Every recurring celebration of his birth brought them new frenzy in their frustration, and caused them to redouble their efforts to bring mischief and misfortune to men. All this folklore belongs to the ancient past, and is no longer taken seriously by anyone. Nevertheless the old fables are still alive in the consciousness of the nation, and only by knowing this background can we fully understand the peculiar customs attached to Christmas, especially in the remote parts of Iceland.

In Iceland and in all other countries, Christmas is the festival of children. In the monotony of the cold and dreary winter days Christmas is the bright spot in the lives of the children in more ways than one. It is looked forward to long before it comes, and talked about long after it has passed. Special preparations are made for the festival, even in the humblest of homes. Among the first signs of approaching Christmas is the keeping of the Christmas-log. This is a book into which are entered the names of all guests who come to the house from the first day of Advent until the day before Christmas. On Christmas eve all the names which have been entered in his book are written on narrow strips of paper, and placed in a hat, or a book, out of which the men in the house draw the names of the lady guests; and the girls the names of the men. The names thus drawn indicated who was to be the Christmas partner of each person. (*Jólasveinar-Jólameyjar*.) This was great fun, but sometimes it could also become a source of considerable disappointment.

Sometime during the Advent season a trip had to be made to town to secure provisions. This was often a long and dangerous trip in all sorts of weather. Sometimes two or more farmers would join an expedition for this purpose.

The usual provisions secured were flour, raisins, prunes, coffee, sugar, and frequently also some kind of liquor. Sigurður Ingjaldson, a former resident of Gimli, Manitoba, tells in his autobiography of an exceedingly hazardous journey which he made as a boy, for this purpose. He was sent on a several days' journey to secure provisions, including a small barrel of brandy. On the way home he encountered severe snowstorms on the mountains, and nearly lost his life. He had to leave most of the liquor in a distant community, and the balance was almost all consumed by his companions before he got all the way home. Excessive drinking at Christmas, however, was rare. Even those who were ardent admirers of Bacchus refused to accept his comforts on Christmas eve or the first Christmas day. Those days were too holy for carousing.

Cleanliness was one of the principal features in the preparations for Christmas. Every thing had to be washed and polished. The women of the house would labor with pots and pans, lamps, window panes, and all objects that would respond to rubbing until they were spotless. The week before Christmas great washing could be seen swaying in the winter winds all over the community. The weather did not always lend itself to drying clothes at that time of the year, but there was an ancient belief that God would bring a thaw and dry weather just before Christmas to enable poor people, whose small homes did not provide the space for indoor drying, to get ready for the season. (Fátækraþerrir.)

Cooking and candle making occupied a great deal of time in the Christmas preparation. The every day fare of the country people was very simple, but at Christmas something special had to be provided. Sweet cakes and pastry were made in abundance in large households, and enough candles had to be moulded for every member of the house. In my youth the women were relieved

of this last duty by the importation of candles made abroad which could be purchased in the stores.

During the busy days of Advent, the old stories of trolls and fairies were told and retold, especially for the benefit of the junior members of the family. The principal Christmas fairy, who was particularly the terror of little children was a female witch named "Grýla." According to some versions of the story she had thirteen sons. They started to come, one at a time thirteen days before Christmas, and left, one a day, for thirteen days thereafter, the last making his departure on the day of Epiphany. They were big ugly fellows cleft to the neck, with big round feet like pancakes. During the days of their sojourn they grew fat on gossip and profanity, and were reluctant to leave the homes where this food was provided in abundance. Otherwise they were quite harmless but a great nuisance. The following names indicate their nature, and their favourite tricks: Candle Beggar; Candle Licker; Door Peeper; Window Peeper; Gate Smeller; Meat Hooker; Pot Licker; Sheepfold Ghost; Ravine Ghost; Short One; Bowl Licker; Skirt Blower; and Cheese Glutton. Grýla herself was not as harmless as her sons; she carried a great sack into which she would throw naughty children and bring them to her husband for Christmas.

The shepherds strove to have their herds gathered in and fed before darkness fell on Christmas eve. The cows were milked earlier than usual, and by six o'clock a special feeling of calm, dignity and good will prevailed throughout the home. By this time all the people were assembled indoors, dressed in their best, and thereafter no work was done unless it was absolutely necessary. Lamps and candles were lit, and placed in every nook and corner, on tables and shelves, and even in the long turflined hallways. The lady of the house, would then "invite the fairies," a ceremony in which she

walked sunwise around the house, chanting an old rhyme:

Come those who want to come,  
Stay those who want to stay.  
Go those who want to go  
Without harm to me or mine.

This initial duty performed, the "húsfú" would return to her quarters, and open a long chest, containing gifts for everyone of her household. These were usually garments, socks, shawls, or shoes. Every one must have something new for Christmas; to be left without a gift was a bad omen, and made the person so neglected an easy prey for the goblins. (Jóla-kötturinn.) Following this came a divine service, consisting of two hymns and a Christmas sermon, usually read by the father, or the oldest male member of the family. The service ended with the "Christmas kiss, (Jóla-kossinn.) a greeting extended in the manner indicated by the master and mistress of the house to the children, and other members of the household, and then by them to each other in turn, with the familiar "Gleðileg jól." Then came that feature of the celebration to which the children usually looked with the greatest delight and anticipation: the Christmas dinner, one plate for each person with such an abundance of provisions that they usually lasted for several days. Following the meal chocolate and coffee were served with "pönnukökur" and delicious cookies of the most ingenious designs, known as "laufabrauð."

\* Translation taken from S. Arason's  
SMOKY BAY.

In my youth there was no dancing or card playing permitted on Christmas eve, or on Christmas Day. Thereafter both were practised throughout the community. The weather permitting, church services were usually attended on Christmas Day, or the Second Christmas Day which was also a legal holiday.

There was something fascinating about these simple Christmas customs, which I heard about or experienced in the days of my youth. Somehow the whole atmosphere was changed, and the surroundings became more congenial in every respect. Christmas came as a ray of light in the dark, dreary and monotonous existence of the people. The entire season was charged with a spirit which challenged men to be noble, and they responded to that challenge the best they could. Even those who ordinarily paid only slight attention to the contents of Christianity seemed to realize that the spirit of good will was also for them, and should be practised by them in their relationship with others. That is what made Christmas in Iceland a delightful season.

Customs have changed a great deal in Iceland during the last quarter century. The seasonal trimmings of Christmas have changed, the folklore probably disappeared, but the spirit remains the same. Instead of following their noisy pagan ancestors in making the season a mere winter festival, and instead of following New World trends in choking the spirit of Christmas in commercialism and superficial celebrations the modern Icelander observes the season in harmony with its original character, it is a season of rejoicing, a season of light and love.

**R**EADERS are invited to send in news of Icelandic Canadians at home or overseas. Original articles and poems as well as translations from the Icelandic would be appreciated. A few letters to the Editor will in future be published — so you are urged to let us and our readers know what you think of our little venture.

**THE EDITORS.**

## *Icelanders In Utah*

By **ELBERT D. THOMAS**

Senior United States Senator from Utah

In the last 400 years of the white man's spreading himself over the face of the globe, one of the last groups of Europeans to join in that migration was the Icelandic group. This is worthy of note because these descendants of wanderers of generations past had apparently become satisfied with their island home. It was not the appeal of the new world that dislodged them. It was an appeal to a new life stimulated by the zeal for a restored religion..

When the migration occurred, America had long been settled. The United States Government had become well established. Political and military refugees had long found haven there. The new world as a gathering place for those who would redeem themselves and mankind through religion was the great appeal. The first immigrants soon found themselves well integrated and rapidly assimilated in the American community. The policy of their fellow pioneers to denationalize themselves speedily and make themselves wholeheartedly part of this new religious, economic and political unit caused the Icelanders soon to lose their identity. Their contributions to the new society have been those of industrious people who have built the western communities of America and made of it a land of opportunity for ordinary men.

In a broadcast delivered on an Iceland National Holiday, December 1, 1942, I had the honor to speak to the people of Iceland over the radio with Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. That honor came to me because the first settlement of Icelanders in America was in my State. I said then, among other things:

"Those early settlers have contributed their qualities of sturdiness and honesty to their present-day descendants in Utah. I am proud, on this

Icelandic Independence Day, to recall the ties of blood and idealism which link the two democracies of Iceland and the United States.

"Historically the bond dates back to about the year 1000 when Leif Ericson discovered this continent. He landed somewhere on the coast of New England, to which he gave the name 'Vinland'. He was the first white man to set foot on American soil.

"The second great tie between Iceland and the United States is that both owe their very existence to a compelling love of liberty. Iceland was settled primarily by Norwegian Chieftains, who, rebelling from the rule of a king, left their ancestral estates in search of freedom. They established a republic in Iceland. The United States was also settled by those in search of freedom. They established a republic here.

"The third link between the two countries is that strongest one of blood. Following that earliest colony in my own state of Utah, Icelanders first began to immigrate to the United States in sizeable numbers a decade and a half later in 1873."

Thus the Icelandic settlement in America is one of deep meaning as well as of historical worth.

The pioneer Icelandic colony at Spanish Fork, Utah, to which the first settler came in 1856, was the first Icelandic settlement in America. It was indeed the first settlement of Icelanders outside their own country since its people settled down in Iceland after centuries of marauding over the western coast of Europe, and the discovering of America in the year 1000. In any case the settlement at Spanish Fork was the first of a series of Icelandic mi-



grations to the Western World, including Brazil, Canada and the United States.

In the years between 1856 and 1860, a small group of Icelandic immigrants variously counted as 13 or 16 persons, came to Spanish Fork. Eighty years later a small shaft, representing a lighthouse to symbolize the seafaring background from which all Icelanders have come, was erected at Spanish Fork on August 2, 1938—the second of August being the Icelandic National Holiday then most commonly celebrated—to commemorate this first settlement of Icelanders in America. One lone survivor of the original group, Mrs. Mary Sherwood Beveridge, was there to receive the corsage of honor from the celebrants.

In 1850 two Icelanders arrived in Copenhagen to learn the craft of goldsmithing. They had come from the Westman Islands, a small group of islands lying to the south of Iceland. In Copenhagen they met some Mormon missionaries from the distant deserts of Utah. Mormonism had been founded in 1830 and spread its faith among the people for upward of ten years at that time. As early as 1849 missions were sent from Utah to various foreign countries. Erastus Snow and Peter Hansen, a Dane, were sent to Copenhagen, and it was they who brought the two Icelandic craftsmen into the faith. These became the apostles of Icelandic Mormonism and the founders of the Icelandic group in Utah.

The first Icelandic convert to Mormonism, a Thorarinn Hafliðason, returned from Copenhagen to the Westman Islands and preached the faith. His associate in the missionary work, the second Icelandic convert to Mormonism, was among the first Icelanders to come to Utah in 1856. One of his converts in the Westman Islands, a Samuel Bjarnason, son of a farmer from the Icelandic mainland, with his wife, became the first Icelandic settlers in Utah, settling at Spanish Fork, some 50 miles south of Salt Lake City. Three Icelandic families came to Spanish Fork that same year. They came

separately, Samuel and his wife constituting the first family arriving to settle. A woman who had come with them stayed at Salt Lake City when Samuel and his wife went on to Spanish Fork to take up their 160 acres of government homestead land. This Helga became the wife of the next settler, Thorthur Dithriksson, who went through Salt Lake City in 1856. The fourth arrival was the above-mentioned second Icelandic convert to Mormonism, Guthmundur Guthmundsson, a goldsmith, who came over in 1856 and settled in Lehi, with his Danish wife. By 1860 sixteen Icelanders, including three small children, had come to Utah and constituted the first Icelandic settlement in the State. It was not until fourteen years later, 1874, that another Icelandic was to join the Spanish Fork colony.

In 1872, the missionary, Magnus (Samuel?) Bjarnason, and an associate Loftur Jonsson, returned to Iceland to propagate their faith. This mission gave the impetus to a new period of Icelandic migration to Utah which continued for the next twenty years until 1892.

During those years, arrivals were few: three families came over, one each year, in 1874, 1875 and 1876. In 1878 three additional families arrived, one of which after some 10 years sojourn in Utah, moved to Canada. Three families arrived in 1880; six in 1881; four in 1882; six in 1883; one in 1884; seven in 1885; fifteen in 1886; four in 1887; three in 1888; eight in 1890; two in 1891; and ten in 1892, one of whom later returned to Iceland after a few years stay. During the period three single men are reported to have come with these families. This is a total of 75 families and three single men arriving during a period of 20 years before 1892.

For the next five years no Icelandic arrivals were reported. A family that came in 1897 later went to Blaine, Washington, where there is a sizeable Icelandic colony. The year 1909 brought a few families and individuals, some of

whom stayed only a short while, one going to North Dakota, another to Blaine, Washington; one or two to California. One returned to Iceland to do missionary work for the Mormon faith.

Those who had come up to 1886 were Mormons and came as a result of their adherence to the faith. After that year those who came did so quite apart from any special religious affiliation. Neither did they come as family units; nor did they stay, permanently. The movement of Icelanders to Utah ceased finally just before the first World War, and if any have come since then they have gone unnoted in any existing records.

Spanish Fork, where practically all the Icelanders have settled, lies in the middle of the Utah valley, a rich agricultural area where the farmers live not on scattered farms in the valley, but in the village, going from there to work their farms. The result has been that most of the farmers also ply various trades in the town, as well as carrying on their agricultural pursuits. The land holdings range from five to fifty acres each, and naturally those on the larger areas give little or no time to artisan pursuits. This Icelandic group has been primarily a handicraft one: carpenters, metal workers, painters, stone masons, and watchmakers, are reputed to be the best of their kind in the town. Most of the women seamstresses in Spanish Fork before the first World War were from the Icelandic group. A few have been teachers in the common schools. The children of the Icelanders have utilized to graduation the existing school facilities of Spanish Fork, and have to that extent fulfilled the Icelandic tradition of literacy and yearning for education.

The colony has obviously been small and both educationally and recreationally has been pretty much absorbed in the local and more purely American scene. At one time there had been built an Icelandic gathering center in the village, but that long since was given

up as the younger generation became completely assimilated into the American group.

The Icelandic settlers have not as a rule taken up business or trading pursuits, only one small concern having flourished for some five or six years at one time.

An attempt was made to establish a Lutheran church, but that venture lasted only a few years; the treasurer disappeared, and "the funds of the organization were scattered." A National Icelandic Cultural Society arose for a few years at the turn of the century. A reading circle has long been maintained.

The Icelandic group has been a small but industrious band, thrifty and law-abiding and eager for education. Very few now speak any Icelandic. Those now in Utah are a third generation, and naturally have fully adopted the ways of life and the language of the community. Since they have intermarried freely with other settlers and children of settlers their peculiar Icelandic names have been lost or have been metamorphosed into English forms.

The contribution of the original Icelandic Mormon group to Utah life has been that of individual integrity, industry, skill and competence, a sense of order and law-abidingness, and above all a zeal for education and safeguarding of the mental and religious life.

Their energy and thrift made them good farmers, stock-raisers and craftsmen. Their instinctive love of education and the learned pursuits has brought some of their few descendants into the intellectual life of the community. One of them is a professor of economics at the University of Utah; one is a local historian and President of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers; and another is a newspaper correspondent. A recognized musician, a leader in literary circles, religious and educational leaders, professional men, and a

genealogist (which may almost be termed an inherited occupation or hobby of Icelanders and their descendants wherever they may be found) are among those who still maintain a shadowy relationship to their basic Icelandic origin. This small group of better than average competence and leadership is large in proportion to the fewness of its own original stock as well as in proportion to the other native stocks that constitute the present population of the State of Utah.

This blending of biological and cultural strains is something to be ex-

pected. America assimilates her overseas stocks to her original Anglo-Saxon heritage of blood and institutions. Perhaps fifty years from now, perhaps a hundred, there will be no segregated groups speaking other than English and following other than native American ways of life. All blood will have become more or less blended; and the cultural life, a compound of many accretions, such as the small Icelandic inheritance in Utah among others will have gone through many changes to merge as something different from any one of its many original elements.



## *Christmas Means So Much*

By **HARRIET G. MCGRAW, M.D.**

Maria Jonsson, a lonely little widow, who had passed the three score and ten was thinking of Christmas, past and present; what had it meant to her through the year? She would allow herself to dream and ponder just for tonight; she would write her thoughts to her only living relative, a grandson whom she had raised and loved far more than her life.

Ingi was in the Navy, had progressed rapidly; an ensign now, handsome in his uniform. He was brilliant too, she knew. His writing career was assured; already leading magazines were paying him well for his manuscripts. Then came the war; the Country called. "We both knew self-interest must cease," she thought. "He volunteered in the Navy; but where he is now God alone knows. How proud I am of him; his courage, loyalty, patriotism—yes, Our Country first! How I miss him, and tonight he misses me too; it is his birthday. We enjoyed hour after hour reading books—we would read aloud to each other; lately he did most of the reading, my eyes are not so keen now."

He would understand what Christmas

meant to her. "For" thought she, "is he not flesh of my flesh, the fulfillment of all my dreams; he was always right and loyal; he would fight for the right, live for it, die for it." How she loved him; how proud of him! He would understand. Then she wrote:

Dearest:

Twenty-one years ago tonight you came to me; your mother's life went out; you came in. Before passing she beckoned to me, pointing to you, saying, 'He is yours'. You were my Christmas gift. I have been thinking of you all evening. At the community Christmas tree, from which I have just returned, a reader gave a story of what Christmas meant to her. It set me to thinking.

Tonight I will ramble on, knowing you will understand. First of all, you know that you mean more to me than all else, except our Father in Heaven. I am more proud of you than I can tell you. Your picture reveals poise and dignity; your letters are marvelous. How spick and span you look in your uniform! I need not tell you to be worthy of it, for there are

no slackers in our clan. Honor, knight-hood, death are records of our ancestry. Your promotion to ensign gave me a thrill; I know it did you. I could talk all night, but I must tell you what Christmas means to me.

Christmas means to me the most abundant life. Christmas represents delightful friendships that are planted like trees by the river of my life, bringing fruit to me each year in the form of loyalty and inspirational messages, which challenge the best within and bid me to dig deeper into the hidden resources of my being, that my life may be lived more abundantly.

These precious messages and gifts from friends and loved ones come overflowing with cheerfulness, hopefulness, and love, reminding me to develop the gift within lest I seem ungrateful.

The surprise packages are gifts to be developed in the game of life. These are precious, rare gifts, wrapped securely to be opened only by the receiver named 'X'. They bear such labels as: physical attraction, mental ability, spiritual gifts, liberty. Each is sent from Heaven, as truly as was the Babe of Bethlehem. The gifts glorify the donor in proportion to the gift of the spirit by which it is imbued. Thrice blest is the receiver, when the happiness given to him is expressed by giving those needing love. Giving and sharing, we are inspired by Him who gave His best for us, doing our bit

quietly, humbly, enriched by His grace, as were the Three Kings before the cradle of the Christ Child.

The **tree**, evergreen, reminds of lasting worth, eternity

The **decorations** represent simplicity of art, beauty, joy of life!

The gifts express sweet sacrifices, overflow of thankful hearts, love

The **lights**; the brightest calls attention to the 'true light' that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. We may represent the lesser, which are but reflections from Him. Our small light may be a guiding gleam to those groping in spiritual darkness.

The **bells** proclaim the soul's freedom peace and good will toward man

The **chimes** sweetly, harmoniously ring out the music of the soul, blending with our carols on the way from earth to heaven.

The **Star** of Bethlehem lights for us the way to glory

This is what Christmas means to me. Goodnight, my darling."

Her landlady, noticing the light in her room burning unusually long stepped in and heard her voice, a soft whisper, tired, very tired, "I have unfaltering trust in the Christ who was the Babe of Bethlehem to care for my boy as He has for me."

Then she wrapped the draperies of her couch about her and passed on to pleasant dreams.



## The Icelandic Canadian

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# CANADA

By G. J. GUTTORMSSON      Tr. By T. A. ANDERSON

As a maid full-grown, unloved, alone,  
On the future she did stare,  
With treasures great, in her wild estate  
She awaited the white man there.  
With her eyes so blue, she at length did view  
His ship as it shoreward sped,  
And his noble mien, and the dazzling sheen  
Of the halo around his head.

Quite winsome and mild she was, tho' wild,  
And her friendship strong and whole,  
That her love was real, did itself reveal  
In the lights of her gentle soul.  
With charming grace, they did embrace,  
And heart to heart appealed,  
With a heaving sigh, she opened her eye  
And the whole world stood revealed.

He wove her a crown of the corn-stalk brown,  
But a crown of laurel she wove,  
For a prince was he and a princess she;  
And their kingdom e'er prospered and throve.  
From the soil so good, they take wealth and food—  
They span death's yawning pit,  
And their palace high is the vaulted sky  
By the vernal sun uplit.

And there they rear their children, so dear,  
Progressive, polite and brave,  
And for ever they do faithful stay  
To their kinsmen across the wave.  
If the swords are drawn, they all are one,  
For in them has ever remained  
The hero-blood of their fathers good,  
That never dry has drained.

O, Canada dear, we do revere  
Thee, mother so kind and free,  
And life's great door, shall close before  
We turn our backs on thee.  
In weal or woe, we will ever show  
That united in soul are we;  
Tho' of different tongue, yet we all belong  
To the same dear family tree.



## ***Jorunn Hinrikson Lindal***

**Died on November 1, 1941.**

The following are extracts from an editorial by Miss Kenneth M. Haig, which appeared in the Winnipeg Free Press, Nov. 3, 1941.

The very first thing she could remember was the long roll of the Icelandic sagas which her father recited of a winter night. After that she began counting the time until her sixth birthday, for when one is six one can go to school. It was awkward that this birthday should fall in February, since her mother felt that spring would be time enough to begin a scholastic career. But her father could not bear the crushing disappointment of the small person, so came Monday morning and the child started out for the country school.

She went through the grades there, grades 7 and 8 in one year, and then left Churchbridge behind for Yorkton

and high school. Once again her family hesitated because of twelve years' scanty experience. But Jorun Hinrikson had discovered that there were all sorts of things to learn just along the way. There always have been goals for her, just along the way.

University followed, and then Law school during her three years at which she each year led her class and received the scholarship. It was during her term as law student that she married Walter Lindal, himself a lawyer, and invalided home from France. "When we opened practice together," said Jo Lindal "we had one small office up on the eleventh floor and we rented a desk out to 'our tenant'. It didn't cost

us hardly anything, which was as well, for we hadn't any money. .But it was fun."

Perhaps Mrs. Lindal took to her profession a clear mind and a passion for reason, or perhaps her profession enhanced these natural gifts. At all events crystal clear through her years of service to her province and nation has been this detached viewpoint, this willingness to reason together. She made many friends, grappled them to her with hoops of steel. As a member of the Advisory Council on Employment and as a representative of the Dominion Government on the Dominion-Provincial Youth Training Council her duties often took her to Ottawa. She is remembered there, this beautiful poised woman from the West, with her lovely sea-blue eyes, her blond Viking hair and her soft contralto voice. She is known in that capital where so many come for private advantage, as among those who never asked for herself, whose mind was stayed

on what she could do for the country, the love of which had come to her on the surge of an ancient saga.

If she is remembered in Canada's proud avenues, she is also remembered along little main streets and country trails where her aid was foremost in establishing classes for those who needed help.

Youth training, war work—the Battle of Brains lectures—and then long thoughts given to postwar reconstruction, these were the efforts of her final years.

Her sun, even when it seemed approaching its zenith, has sunk and the shadows lie heavily upon those she loved, her family and her friends. They lie also upon her city and her country. But her memory has the tang of courage and the fragrance of unfaltering loyalty. "Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales awake, For Death, he taketh all away, but these he cannot take."



## *Jo Lindal Scholarship Award*

The first Jo Lindal Scholarship of one hundred dollars in memory of Mrs. W. J. Lindal was awarded last month at United College commencement night to Lois Merrill Sparling daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Sparling and granddaughter of the late Dr. J. W. Sparling first principal of Wesley College

The scholarship has been fixed at one hundred dollars to be given to a third year student at United College receiving highest standing in Social Studies, Government, Economics and History. These are subjects in which the late Mrs. Lindal was deeply interested. The amount donated so far is in the

neighborhood of one thousand dollars. In order not to impair the capital the difference between the annual interest and the amount of the scholarship will be donated by friends until the capital has reached not less than three thousand dollars. A committee of the Icelandic Canadian Club has been formed to assist in raising the fund.

Anyone wishing to contribute please send their donations to:

Treasurer Mrs. J. B. Skaptason,  
378 Maryland St., Winnipeg, Man.

Secretary Mrs. Ena S. Anderson,  
1063 Spruce St. Winnipeg, Man.

## Merit Rewarded



**JAKOBINA JOHNSON**

Jakobina Johnson, of Seattle, Wash. ranks high amongst the contemporary lyric poets of the Icelandic race. Not only is she recognized for her original poetry but she also stands in the front rank as a translator of lyric verse, fiction and drama, from the Icelandic into English. She has, in a very able manner, translated dramatic works of Johann Sigurjonsson, Indridi Einarsson and Einar H. Kvaran, also a great number of lyric poems by such outstanding writers of verse as Stephan G. Stephansson, the poetical genius of the Canadian West and Einar Benidiktsson, considered by many, one of the greatest poets of Iceland since Egill Skallagrimsson.

Jakobina Johnson was born at Holmavag in Thingeyjarsysla, Iceland, on October 24, 1883. Her parents were the poet, Sigurbjorn Johannsson and his wife Maria Jonsdottir. The family emigrated to Canada in 1889 and homesteaded in the Glenboro district in Manitoba. Mrs. Johnson, a graduate of the Winnipeg Normal School, engaged in teaching for several years. She married Isak Jonsson (Johnson), an architect and a builder, and shortly

afterwards moved to Seattle, Wash. She is a mother of seven children.

While discharging the manifold duties of her large household both capably and graciously, Mrs. Johnson always managed to find time, even when her children were young, to devote to literary activities. She is a member of numerous cultural and literary societies and has lectured extensively on Iceland and Icelandic traditions. She paid a visit to her native land in the summer of 1935 at the joint invitation of the Youth organizations of Iceland and the Women's National League of that country. Her poems from that memorable visit are marked with a passionate love of her motherland and are striking in rhythmical beauty.

Two volumes of Jakobina Johnson's original poetry have been published in Iceland: **Candlelights** and **A Collection of Children's Poems**. In her children's poems, her tenderness and emotional purity is unsurpassed by any other Icelandic writer.

In the following poem, **Candlelight**, translated by Watson Kirkconnell, composed in a typical alliterative style, is found the mellow strain and the perfection of form which characterizes the poetry of Jakobina Johnson.

All I loved yesterday  
in youth's fair morning  
is dear to me to-day  
though dim remembered:  
the rosy dawning,  
the rainbow in the sky,  
the verdure of the springtime,  
the violet in the hollow.

Now fall the autumn shadows,  
come frosty tempests,  
and evening lamplight  
is lit for story-reading.  
Soon comes our Christmas,  
a climax of rapture!  
On the table is kindled  
the candle-light!



Though electric lamps  
now lighten the darkness  
of half the world  
on the Holy Night,  
yet dearest to me  
are the dreaming candles  
of hallowed remembrance.  
—Happy Christmas!

—E. P. J.



**Dr. EDWARD JOHNSON**

Dr. Edward Johnson one of our younger Icelandic professional men has re-

cently been appointed Superintendent of the Selkirk Mental Hospital.

His parents were Katrin and Gudmundur Johnson. He was born in 1902, and spent most of his childhood in East Kildonan, Man.

After completing his studies at the St. John's Technical High School he went to the University of Manitoba from which he graduated in 1928 with the degree of B.Sc., M.D. In that year he was appointed to the staff of the Selkirk Mental Hospital. Two years later he was made assistant Superintendent. He married Miss Eleanor Eames and they have three children. In 1936 he did post-graduate work at the Boston Psychopathic Hospital and Johns Hopkins Hospital.

During the next few years he instituted the Insulin Shock treatment for a certain type of mental disease. He was one of the first to introduce this in Canada and this represented a distinct advance in the treatment of diseases formerly considered hopeless.

Dr. Johnson is still a young man and since he is very interested in his work this well merited promotion will give him wider opportunities for the advancement of the treatment of mental diseases.

—L. A. S.



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## *In The Halls Of Learning*

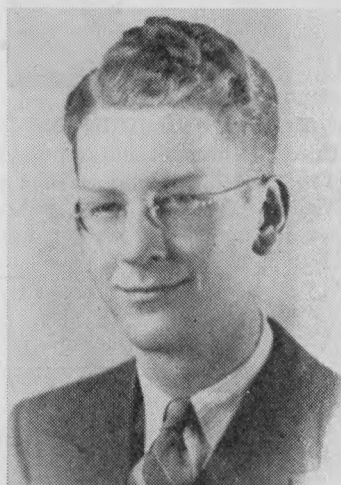
The Icelandic Canadian intends to keep a record of those of our number who graduate from educational institutes in America. Special mention will be made of undergraduates as well as graduate students who achieve distinction in scholarship in their particular field.



**KRISTJAN KRISTJANSON B.Sc.** and **BALDUR HANNES KRISTJANSON B.Sc.** won research fellowships in the Virginia Polytechnic Institute. Kristjan graduated in Agriculture from the University of Alberta in 1943. Baldur a graduate of the University of Manitoba obtained his M.Sc. in Agriculture from the Virginia Polytechnic Institute in 1941. They are the sons of Mr. and Mrs. Hannes Kristjanson of Gimli, Man.



**GUDNI LAMBERTSON**, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gudmundur Lambertson of Glenboro, Man. won the David Stewart Memorial Scholarship of \$500. a year for four years. Mr. Lambertson is in first year medicine.



**ERNEST PETER JOHNSTON**, son of Mrs. Paul Johnston and the late Paul Johnston of Winnipeg won three scholarships this year.

1. The John C. Eaton for general proficiency in fourth year.
2. The Andrew Browning Baird for highest average in second and third year.
3. An Isbister in third year.



**ETHEL THELMA HEATH**, daughter of R. W. Heath and Jónina Gudmunds-dottir Heath of St. James, was awarded the Manitoba Scholarship of \$135. for the second year.

#### BALDUR COLLEGIATE DEPARTMENT

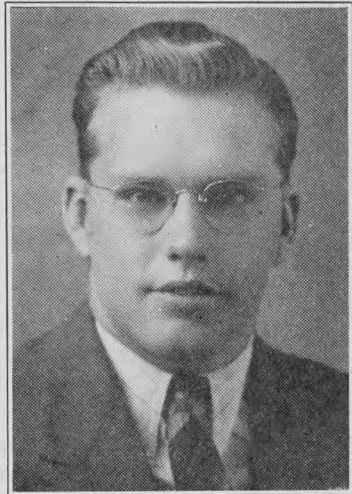


**KRISTIN CECELIA ANDERSON** — daughter of Eiríkur and Anna Anderson received the Cora Hind Scholar-

ship. This scholarship is \$325. per year for four years. Miss. Anderson is taking first year Home Economics.



**EMILY UNA JOHNSON**, daughter of Tryggvi and Sigrun Johnson was awarded the Manitoba Scholarship of \$650. for rural schools. She is taking second year Agriculture.



**EDWIN SKAFFFELD**, son of Geiri and Runa Skafffeld won the Roger Goulet Scholarship.



**SHIRLEY JOHNSON**, daughter of Thomas and Dora Johnson won the Isbister Scholarship.

### MUSIC



**MARGRET CHRISTJANSON**, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gudni Christjanson, West Kildonan, Man. was the winner of the Jon Sigurdson Chapter I.O.D.E. Scholarship in music at the 1943 University of Manitoba Music Examination.

**THORA ASGEIRSON**, once again came out on top in the Manitoba music examination winning the Mathews Scholarship.

A cross and a pair of candlesticks rescued from the ruins of Holy Trinity Church, Bath, England, after it was bombed one night and set on fire the next, have been stolen from the corner of the church still used for services.

\* \* \*

A Mexican report made a short time ago showed that Mexico had on hand 23,000,000 pounds of sugar and 25,560 000 pounds of coffee.

\* \* \*

Juvenile delinquency has jumped nearly 50 per cent in Britain since the war started.

\* \* \*

India is urging the planting of more mulberry trees to supply food for an increasing number of silk worms supplying silk for parachutes.

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## Child Of Fear

By GEORGE SALVERSON

(Continued from September issue)

The next day, just as Olive was wrapping bread for a customer, in blew Mary, crisp as a wind. When the woman had gone, she broke out tartly: "That was disgraceful last night! An old tyrant like that should be boiled in oil!"

"I'm sorry to have spoiled your party!" Olive flushed with hot embarrassment.

"Never mind that. It's you I'm thinking of. Why do you stand for it? This is a free country! You don't have to knuckle down to any iron-heel stepfather. And I do mean heel! Besides, now there's Randy. If I ever saw a conquest, he's it! Guess you appeal to his knighthood, or something. And listen—he'll be at my place tonight. You better come and collect another cake!"

"Oh Mary—you don't understand!" Olive wailed. "It's impossible! I wouldn't dare!"

"Well! Now you said it!" Mary was furious. "Good heavens, Olive, sometimes you drive me nuts! But, see here, Little Squirrel—I've told you over and over again that all you have to do is come with me to the employment office, and you'll get a swell job at the plant. It's grand out there. We have medical supervision, a nifty cafeteria, nice pleasant surroundings to work in—and you'd make enough money to keep your mother in a better place than this dump!"

For a rash moment, Olive's eyes lighted with hope. "Do you really think they'd hire me? To help make planes to fight the Nazis? I'd love it!"

But the light failed, and her soft eyes grew dull. "No—it's impossible. He—he'd hunt us down, wherever we were!"

Well, it was an old argument that never got anywhere. Mary threw up her hands, and walked out. But in the door, she turned. "Just the same—I've a suspicion Randy will do something about you—little sap!"

Then, sure enough, a few days later Randy came to the shop. Smiling and circumspect, he was just a customer asking for cigarettes. Olive stared at him mutely, and went all colors, for Old Reinhardt was at the back of the shop, writing at a makeshift desk. He could see them, but he might not hear. When he was writing so furiously, he usually paid no attention to what went on in the shop.

"Olive," Randy said, when she handed him the package. "You're even prettier than I thought—and I can tell you, my sight is A1. Now listen: Mary said I'd make trouble for you if I came to the shop. That's all that kept me away this long. But it won't do. You can't hole up forever! Come to Mary's tonight—or else!"

"Or else what?"

"Or else I'll stay here, all day! I'd just like to see that old buzzard get tough with me!"

Olive flew into a panic. "Please, Randy—you mustn't even think of such a thing! You don't know what you're talking about! Oh—if you're really concerned for my welfare, go now—please, Randy!"

"I certainly won't!" Randy told her, so emphatically that Old Reinhardt swung around in his chair. Terrified Olive could think of only one way to get rid of her persistent visitor.

"All right—I'll be there! Now, please go!"

That evening, after the shop was closed, Olive waited nervously to see

if her stepfather would assign her to any special labor for the night. But he took no notice of her, though she moved about restlessly, pretending to put the room to rights. He was buried in papers, and seemed as coldly aloof as the dread figure that perched above his desk. At last she got up courage to slip into her coat and head for the door.

"Where to—you!"

Olive paled. "I—I just thought I'd take a walk around the block."

Reinhardt grunted. "Be back in one hour. I have an errand for you—papers to deliver to the Phoenix Press. Better not forget!"

When she got to Mary's, Randy was waiting for her, and somehow it wasn't strange at all that he should kiss her. Mary bounded in from the dining room, all smiles and twinkles.

"So the army finally caught up with you Little Squirrel!" she laughed. "Don't know how you'll escape, if I'm any judge of Randy Phillips!"

Olive was too happy to speak, too happy to think. All she wanted was to listen to Randy's colorful voice, and to watch the changing expression of his mobile face. But when Mary brought in tea, reality intruded upon her dream. Suddenly, very seriously, Randy said:

(Continued on Page 32)



## *Spell Of The Moon*

By ESTHER GUÐJONSON

The moon is cold. . . .

See how she draws the soft grey clouds about her!  
And see her shiver in her autumn splendor.  
Cold radiance glorifies her deep blue pillow  
And diamond stars come forth as to attend her.

They disappear behind the great, grey curtain  
And re-appear, tiny and sharply winking,  
Winking at one who stands alone in wonder,  
Watching that silver one up there, and thinking. . . .

There is a keen unfathomable beauty  
That, silent, stars the earth and sky in autumn,  
A beauty that my soul will drink, and never  
Seek any moral in the gold cup's bottom.

The moon is cold. . . .

See how she draws her soft grey veiling closer  
And turns away her lovely face and slumbers  
(What visions fill the slumber of Diana?)  
The shadows gather now in untold numbers.

I close my eyes and there my soul is seeing  
The dreams that stir the sleep of yon fair being  
Who seems to move, and reach with shining fingers,  
To draw the grey clouds close; see—is she breathing?  
Far in the air a wondrous aura lingers.  
The moon is cold. . . . .

## OUR WAR EFFORT



**Pte. Thorvaldur Mailman   L.S. Gilbert H. Mailman   Sgt. Edward P. Mailman**

**PTE. THORVALDUR MAILMAN**—Born at Bay End P.O., Man., July 25, 1914. Enlisted in the Canadian Army Oct. 1942. Trained at Fort Osborne, Victoria, B. C., and Port Alberni, B. C. Is now serving at Port Hardy, B. C.

**L.S. GILBERT H. MAILMAN**—Born at Bay End P.O., Man., Dec. 9, 1917. Enlisted in the R.C.N.V.R. June 1942. Trained at Winnipeg, Esquimalt, B. C., and Halifax, N. S. He has been serving on mine sweepers and Corvettes.

**SGT. EDWARD P. MAILMAN**—Born at Bay End P.O., Man., Aug. 8, 1919. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. Sept. 1941. Trained at Brandon, Saskatoon, and graduated as a Sgt. Gunner from Dafoe, Sask., in Nov. 1942. From there he was sent to North Africa

**SONS OF MR. & MRS. HERBERT J. MAILMAN OF BAY END P.O., MAN.**



**F.-L. E. Ragnar Eggertson**

## Now Serving Overseas

★

### **FLT.-LIEUT. E. RAGNAR EGGERTSON**

Born in Winnipeg Man., March 11, 1904. Enlisted with the R. C. A. F. in July 1941. Trained at Trenton and Ottawa. Embarked for overseas Sept. 1941 and is now serving as a liason officer between the R. C. A. F. and the R. A. F.

His wife and four children reside at Wynyard, Sask. He is a son of the late Arni and Oddny Eggertson of Winnipeg, Man.

## THREE OFFICERS

★

### CAPT. NORMAN S. BERGMAN



Capt. Norman S. Bergman

### P.O. ERIC H. BERGMAN

Born in Winnipeg, Man., Dec. 24, 1914. He took the 5 yr. honors course in Arts, specializing in Mathematics and graduated from the University of Manitoba, receiving his B.A. degree in 1936. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in Sept. 1942. Trained in Saskatoon, Dauphin and Winnipeg, graduating as navigator, and received his commission in Sept. 1943, and continued training in Quebec. He received the Starrett Medal for the highest marks in navigation in the class. Is now attached to the Ferry Command and has made two trips across the Atlantic. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Bergman of Winnipeg, Man. His wife, the former Miss Patricia Hiscock, lives in Winnipeg.



P.O. Eric H. Bergman

### P.O. WILLIAM H. EAGER, D.F.C.



P.O. W. H. Eager, D.F.C.

Born in Winnipeg, Man., June 25, 1919. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. August 1941. Trained at Brandon, Saskatoon, Virden, and graduated as a pilot from Dauphin in August 1942. Embarked for overseas service in Sept. 1942 and was attached to an R.A.F. Bomber Squadron. He received his commission in April 1943. He was recently decorated with the Distinguished Flying Cross. The citation on which the award was made reads in part as follows: "P.O. Eager has completed many successful operations against the enemy in which he has displayed high skill, fortitude and devotion to duty." — He is the son of Mrs. Johanna Finnson Eager and the late Mr. H. H. Eager of Winnipeg.



## THREE OFFICERS



### LIEUT. SKULI WALTER LINDAL

Born at Leslie, Sask., Jan. 31, 1919, is the son of the late Inga Torfason Lindal and August Lindal, a brother of Judge W. J. and Hannes Lindal. In October 1942 he enlisted in the Canadian Army, took his training at Brockville and received his commission early this year. At present he has a staff appointment in the Directorate of Development of War Vehicles and Small Arms. This appointment he received as a result of inventions or new ideas for the improvement of guns and other weapons of war. At present he is in Washington at the invitation of the U. S. Government. Walter's twin brother, Corp. Jakob Björgvin (Jake) arrived overseas Sept. 1942.



Lieut. Skuli Walter Lindal

### LIEUT. GEORGE JOHNSON

Born in Winnipeg, Man., Nov. 1, 1920. Enlisted in the R.C.N.V.R. May 1941. Trained at the Royal Roads Naval College. From there he was transferred to Halifax in January 1942 and attached to a Mine Sweeper and served on the same ship from the time it was launched until recently he was sent to King's College, Halifax, for further training in navigation.

Prior to enlisting he had been attending the University of Manitoba.

He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. (Moose) Johnson, Winnipeg, Man.



Lieut. George Johnson

### PAY LIEUT. LEONARD JOHANNSON

Born Oak River, Man., Oct. 19, 1919. Enlisted in the R.C.N.V.R. in March 1941. Trained in Halifax, N. S. Early in the year 1942 he went on active service on a raider in the Caribbean Sea, and was appointed Paymaster for the Kingston Naval Division in the fall of 1942. Transferred in the spring to Quebec, where he now serves in the Paymaster's Dept. He is an honor graduate in Commerce of the University of Manitoba. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Johannson, Winnipeg, Man.



Pay Lieut. Leonard Johannson

**CAPT. JOSEPHINA ASA (KRISTJANSON) MacDONELL**

Born in Winnipeg, Man., May 5, 1918. She attended the University of Manitoba, and graduated from the Manitoba Medical College with a Doctors degree March 1942. She enlisted in the R.C.A.M.C. in Nov. 1942 and has been serving on the Medical Staff of various Military Hospitals in Canada. At present she is serving in Calgary, Alta. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fridrik Kristjanson of Winnipeg, Man.



Her husband **CAPT. JOHN A. MACDONELL**, born in Winnipeg, Man., July 18, 1918, also received his education at the University of Manitoba and the Manitoba Medical College, graduating at the same time. He enlisted in June 1942 and is serving on the Staff of the Fort Osborne Military Hospital, Manitoba.

**LIEUT. A. R. (BOB) SWANSON**

Born in Winnipeg, Man., April 9, 1921. Graduated in Commerce from the University of Manitoba with the degree of Bachelor of Commerce in 1942. Enlisted with the R.C.A.S.C. in July 1942. Trained at Gordon Head, B. C. and Red Deer, Alta. Embarked for overseas in March 1943 and is now serving with the 46th Transport Coy., R.C.A.S.C. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ragnar Swanson, Norwood, Man.

**Lieut. A. R. (Bob) Swanson****P.O. Kenneth G. Johannesson****P.O. KENNETH G. JOHANNESSON**

Born in Winnipeg, Man., Jan. 17, 1922. Attended Manitoba University and has completed 2nd year Science when he enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in March 1942. Trained at Regina, Fort William, and graduated from Yorkton, Sask., in May 1943, receiving his commission at the same time. Embarked for overseas in June 1943 and is now serving in England, where he has been taking an instructors course in "Radio Beam Landing". He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Konnie Johannesson, Wpg.



T./Sgt. Alfred K. Johnson



Sgt. Alexander F. Johnson

**T./SGT. ALFRED K. JOHNSON**—Born in Winnipeg, Man., Aug. 15, 1906. Enlisted in the United States Coast Artillery in 1941. Trained at Fort Tolten, N. Y., and Orlando, Fla. He has been on active service in Africa and is now in Sicily.

**SGT. ALEXANDER F. JOHNSON**—Born at Stockton, Man., Oct. 16, 1908. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. Jan. 1943. Trained at Mount Jolie, Que., and Toronto, and is now instructor in Bombing and Gunnery at Guelph, Ont.

**A.C. FRANKLIN E. JOHNSON**—Born at Stockton, Man., Oct. 16, 1908. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. July 1942. Trained at Winnipeg, Montreal and is now finishing his Radio Course at MacDonald, Man.

**L.A.C. LAWRENCE S. JOHNSON**—Born in Winnipeg, Aug. 31, 1912. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. July 1940 as a mechanic. Trained in Winnipeg, Brandon, St. Thomas and Dauphin. Embarked for overseas in May 1943 where he now serves.

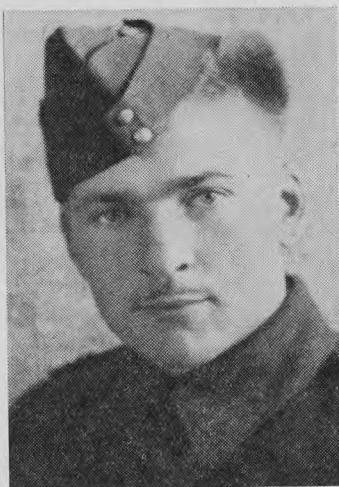
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THE LATE MR. JOSEPH JOHNSON**



A.C. Franklin E. Johnson



L.A.C. Lawrence S. Johnson



**Pte. Edwin Nordman**



**Lieut. Rurik Nordman**

**PTE. EDWIN NORDMAN**—Born Cypress River, Man., Dec. 21, 1917. Enlisted with the No. 1 Motor Ambulance Convoy, R.C.A.S.C. in July 1940. Trained in Winnipeg and Camp Shilo. Embarked for overseas in June 1941, and is now in England.

**LIEUT. RURIK NORDMAN**—Born Cypress River, Man., Oct. 18, 1919. Enlisted with R.C.A.M.C. in June 1941. Trained at Portage La Prairie, Ottawa, and served on the Instructional Staff, Camp Borden. He received his commission in March 1943. Is now attached General List No. 10 District Depot in Winnipeg, Man.

**P.O. MARVIN I. NORDMAN**—Born Cypress River, Man., Aug. 8, 1924. Enlisted with the R.C.A.F. Sept. 1942. Trained at Brandon, Winnipeg, Saskatoon, Prince Albert and graduated as a pilot from Brandon Oct. 1943.

**PTE. IVAN O. NORDMAN**—Born Cypress River, Man., June 8, 1921. Enlisted with the No. 1 Motor Ambulance Convoy, R.C.A.S.C. in July 1940. Trained in Winnipeg and Camp Shilo, Man. Embarked for overseas in June 1941 and is now serving with the Canadian Forces in Italy.

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**P.O. Marvin I. Nordman**



**Pte. Ivan O. Nordman**



## *The Book Page*

Jón Dúason: *Landkönnun og Landnám Íslendinga í Vesturheimi* (Exploration and Settlement of the Icelanders in the Western World), Reykavík, 1941, Vol. 1, pp. 488.

Dr. Jón Dúason has here written a most interesting book about a subject which should command the attention of every Icelander. It is a subject about which, it might be said, much has been written and yet little has been written. The discovery of Vinland and the voyages thither shortly after the year 1000 have been repeatedly discussed but the centuries between that date and 1942 have hardly been touched. Yet the Greenland colony was still in existence when Columbus discovered the West Indies and continued to exist for an unknown number of years after that. Is it reasonable to suppose that during these five centuries the Greenlanders made no voyages to America? Hardly. Again is it reasonable to suppose that the knowledge of America which the Greenlanders must have possessed was practically unknown in Europe?

It is precisely these questions which Dr. Jón Dúason answers in this book and will no doubt further amplify in the unpublished portions. That only the first volume has appeared makes it somewhat difficult to pass judgment on the work. Yet there can be no doubt that we have here a most valuable work, the result of much painstaking research.

The work begins with a discussion of the origin of the Icelanders, whom the author holds to have been the first nation to venture on the open sea instead of sailing along the coasts. He makes a distinction between Icelanders and Norwegians and holds that Iceland (and a fortiori Greenland) was never

a Norwegian colony. That he has a high opinion of his countrymen may be seen from the following excerpt: "Truly I know no example of a land such as the weatherbeaten and treeless basalt isle in the North Atlantic, which, taking into consideration the number of its inhabitants, has contributed more to the world's culture and has brought into the world more good men than any other land."

There follow next a brief but valuable discussion of Icelandic geographical terminology and of the source material on the discoveries of the Icelanders in the New World. The discovery of Greenland is then treated. The author holds that its discoverers were Snæbjörn galti and Hrólfur rauðsemdski and their companions.

The world as viewed by the ancient Icelanders is treated at some length. They assume the existence of only three continents—Asia, Africa, and Europe. Thus Greenland was long reckoned as attached to Asia, Helluland and Markland as islands, and Vinland a part of Africa. Naturally throughout the centuries this view underwent certain changes, but the author holds that it was remarkably correct and far in advance of that current in most of Europe during the middle ages.

On the location of Vinland the author differs somewhat from the majority of those who studied the question. According to him "The topography and vegetation of the land which could be called Vinland is not to be met with except on the southern part of the east coast of the United States, although Nova Scotia and the southern shore of the St. Lawrence were parts of Vinland. And the climate and winter vegetation, which are described in the account of Leif Eiríksson's voyage to Vinland in the saga of the Greenlanders, are not to be met with except on the

peninsula of Florida or on the southern part of the east coast of the United States near Florida."

That the Icelanders travelled widely over the North American continent is the view of Dr. Dúason. In fact in one place he asserts that "boat shelters made of stone (*steinhlaðin hróf og naust*) for Icelandic ships exist on every coastline of America from the St. Lawrence north along the east coast, along the whole of the northern shore line, and for a good distance south on the Pacific coast, and indeed also in eastern Asia." He considers the Tunnit people to have been Icelandic hunters (*búðsetumenn*) who intermarried with the Eskimos and states that the hammer of Thor (the swastika) is the most common inscription found on Tunnit ruins, though he admits that this symbol might have made its way into America from Asia. He however is certain that the veneration of the cross on the part of Indians in New Brunswick and Maine, which so aroused the curiosity of the early post-Columbian settlers, is derived from the early Icelanders, and cites the parallel veneration of the rosary in 18th century Greenland. All this will no doubt be treated more fully in the later portions of the work.

Only briefly and very cautiously does the author discuss the question as to how far south the Icelanders penetrated. He, however thinks it not unlikely that they reached South America and cites some passages from the writings of the earliest post-Columbian travellers in this region. He also very rightly mentions the fact that the Latin cross is found in certain places in Central America which certainly points to some contact with Christians before the days of Columbus. An example cited is the Latin cross at Palenque, a city already deserted and covered by the jungle in the days of Cortes. This subject deserves full investigation as does that of the influence of the Icelanders on the culture of the

North American Indian, which the author points out could only be satisfactorily carried out by a scholar resident on this continent.

The exploration of Greenland by the Icelanders is very fully treated. He also mentions the discovery of Svalbard (1194) and Jan Mayen (1285) by the Icelanders. The early Vinland voyages are then dealt with in some detail. The author is very insistent that credit for the discovery of America be given to Bjarni Herjólfsson and not to Leif Eiríksson who only discovered Vinland.

Then follows what is probably the most interesting and valuable part of the work—a consideration of how far the Icelandic view of the world and geographical knowledge were known to Europe during the middle ages. This is prefaced by what seems to be a very full catalogue of Icelanders who travelled through Europe during the middle ages and who might have spread Icelandic geographical knowledge. The role of falconry in spreading knowledge of the New World is also emphasised.

The author then traces evidence of the knowledge of the Icelandic geographical lore in the literature and maps of mediaeval Europe. Needless to say he considers that this was fairly considerable. Among these whom he considers to have been acquainted with this matter may be mentioned Adam of Bremen, the author of *Navigatio Brandani*, Roger Bacon, Nicholas of Lynn, Claudius Clavus, Martin Behaim, Christopher Columbus, Tocsanelli Heironymus Münzer and many others including the Portuguese royal court. How sound the author's conclusions in this controversial field are, I am not in a position to judge but his arguments certainly merit the fullest consideration.

The final part of this volume is a very full treatment of the Icelandic settlement in Greenland. This comprises a description of the country, the settlements, the northern hunting grounds (very noteworthy) the classes

of people, ships, and the culture. The fate of the settlement will probably be dealt with in forthcoming volumes.

No mention is made of the Kensington stone. This may be because it does not refer to an Icelandic expedition. I also missed any reference to the turkey frieze in the cathedral of Schleswig, Germany, which is certainly one of the most interesting evidences of pre-Columbian knowledge of America. Neither is any reference made to the discovery of Scandinavian weapons near Lake Nipigon, but the author may not have known of this or doubted that the weapons were placed or lost here in the eleventh century as has been maintained. This find aroused great interest among scholars in Eastern Canada a few years ago and it aroused considerable controversy but I failed to see any reference to this find in the Icelandic press, although it may have escaped my notice. At any rate it aroused no appreciable interest among Icelanders and is a sad commentary on the importance Icelanders here attach to this whole subject.

The above will give some, although an inadequate, idea of the scope of this work. It certainly deserves the careful attention of anyone interested in the deeds and exploits of his forefathers. It richly merits translation into English in order that the circle of its readers might be extended. This of course would be no light task. It is to be hoped at any rate that those who can will make the book obligatory reading.

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# CHILD OF FEAR

(Continued from Page 22)

"There's a lot I can't figure out, Olive. That step-father, for instance. Why the dickens do you knuckle under to him the way you do?"

Olive shrank away in swift consternation. "Oh, Randy, I can't talk about it. It—well, it has nothing to do with you!"

"But that's where you're wrong, honey! Perhaps you don't know it yet, but I've decided to marry you, young lady! That makes it my business!"

Olive blushed scarlet, and Mary shrieked with laughter. What did I tell you! The boy looks quiet, but he acts like a torpedo! Olive, Squirrel, you might as well tell all!"

Joy and fear fought so violently in Olive's tormented soul that she broke into wild weeping. "Now! Now! Randy said, holding her close. "Cry all you like, honey! Let the old nerves relax! I'm in no hurry—but I've got to know what I'm up against!"

Suddenly, as though the tears had washed away a heavy stone from her heart, Olive found herself calm and unafraid. Sitting very straight now, her eyes glowing strangely, she told her story. It was an uncommon story, except for its twisted ending.

Her own father had been a musician: gentle, visionary, and kind. They had been poor, but happy, moving from town to town in pursuit of temporary jobs. Orchestra jobs had been few and far between, what with talkies and so on, but they had been happy. Then, one cold spring, Ted Rivers came down with pneumonia. When the hospital bills and the funeral expenses were paid, there was nothing left. And they were stranded in a strange town.

Before her marriage, Mrs. Rivers had been a bookkeeper. The doctor recommended a certain newspaper in the town. The owner was Adolph Reinhardt. He was brilliant and aggressive,



and, in those days, not unhandsome. Lorraine Reinhardt married him, not for love, but because she thought it was a means to an end—a good life, and an education for little Olive.

For a while, things were not too bad, but somehow he got into trouble, and lost his newspaper. Then he went to Germany, and on his return, began writing things that caused more trouble. As a journalist, he was done, and then his temper began to show itself. Things always went from bad to worse—and now they were here, eking out a living with the dingey shop.

But it wasn't the work they minded, Olive finished in a faltering voice. It was what he had done to Lorraine Reinhardt: like that time he had struck her with a length of rope, that left a long red wound on her thin cheek.

"So now you know," Olive concluded. "How can I forget that? How can you expect me to be like other girls? Oh—and look at the time!" She jumped up and groped for her things. "I've got to run an errand—I must go!"

"Why didn't you tell me all this before?" Mary cried angrily. "I thought you were just a little coward! And all the time you were putting up with all that hell for your mother's sake! That's brave—terribly brave. But it's foolish, when you could escape!"

"She can, and she will!" Randy said. "Every problem has an answer. In this case, it should be jail for that devil!"

"Listen," Mary broke in, "Let's be sensible. I've thought of something. The old goon loves money. Olive, why not tell him you can earn plenty at the plant, and pay him for your board? That might have some effect."

"He wouldn't listen. I don't think it's just money. I think he likes to see us slaves."

"I'd like to try anyway," Mary asserted. "He likes money all right. I've heard him squawk over nickles. What do you think, Randy?"

"I'm not thinking!" Randy scowled.

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"I'm itching to knock his block off. I'd like a length of rope myself—and then I'd see no reason for not taking Mrs. Reinhardt out of there. But perhaps your way is best. Olive, honey—why not give it a try?"

When Mary became determined, there was no holding her. Olive had to agree, since nothing she said to the contrary had the least effect anyway. "I know you can get a job!" Mary kept repeating as though it were a charm to keep up their courage on the walk over to Olive's. "The plant is taking on girls all the time. I know you'll get a job!"

"I can't ask you upstairs," Olive told her when they reached the store. "He lets no one but mother and me up there."

"Who cares!" Mary snapped. "I can shout from out here, if necessary."

Then they heard Reinhardt's feet descending, and even before he materialized in the hallway, heard his angry rumble: "You're late, girl!" He completely ignored Mary. "Now take the parcel and hurry!"

Mary stepped forward, spots of anger in either cheek. "Mr. Reinhardt, perhaps you don't know it, but the country is at war. You don't need Olive in this dinky store. We need her at the plant. What's more, she can make more money that way. It's swell work—she'd love it. Anyway, it's about time every girl with any intelligence should be working for the war effort. There is nothing more important than making airplanes!"

Reinhardt stared at the girl so fixedly, and with such smouldering venom in his deep-set eyes, that for a moment she had the impulse to flee. But the touch of Olive's hand on her arm shocked her back to common sense. If Olive could stand this day in and day out, so could she.

"Well, what about it, Mr. Reinhardt?"

"Your stupid airplanes!" he barked. "They will all be destroyed! Your flabby war effort—pah! Now listen: I

will not have Olive making airplanes, for your futile war!"

Mary's eyes were saucers. "Don't you want us to win the war?"

"We will win the war, never fear. Now, get out of here, and don't let me catch you sneaking around here again. Get out! And keep away from Olive! Keep away from Olive, or you'll regret it— and so will she!"

"Oh, please, father,!" Olive started to protest. Reinhardt shoved her aside with a brutal gesture. Then, before Mary knew what he intended, he had her by the arms, and thrust her out the door.

"I told you to get out! Now stay out!"

Rage and mortification deprived the spirited girl of speech. But wait, she thought—just wait, Mr. Reinhardt! Fleet as an antelope, she fled through the quiet street, boiling to tell Randy this latest outrage. Oh, she had his number now, and Randy would know what to do about it!

Back in the store, Reinhardt confronted Olive almost amiably, pleased with his defeat of the girl. Mary's astounded face was a pleasure to remember; cowards, all these squawking females!

"Get on with your errand!" he ordered. "Those papers must get to the press at once. And, remember, don't let me find you with that girl again. Not unless you want a taste of this!" he concluded, and, reaching behind the counter, he flourished a length of rope.

Olive ran out of the place, every nerve quivering with shame. Running blindly, her mind a jumbled torrent, she sped on her errand, thankful that the night was dark and the streets ill lighted. She must look such a crazy thing! For there was madness in her head, and a wild impulse to throw herself in the river. But first, the newspaper—the office of Phoenix Weekly!

Then, suddenly, the small, frame building was before her—but dark and deserted. Oh God, she thought—late!

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Clutching at the iron fence for support, she wondered what to do.

"Looking for someone, Miss?" The impersonal and kindly voice jumped at her from the shadows. "Something wrong?" The voice had a shape: tall, and a little gangling, and in a police uniform.

"I—I just wanted to see the editor," Olive explained.

The policeman chuckled. "You're too late, Miss. They jugged the guy this afternoon. Subversive activities. You'll have to peddle your poems elsewhere, girlie—and just as well!"

"Yes," said Olive, absorbing this information. "Yes—it's just as well, officer!"

So it was, Olive thought, with a strange, swelling elation. But not in the sense the officer meant. It was deeper—much deeper. Old Reinhardt hated defeat—any defeat! And most of all he hated the defeat of his journalistic talents. This would be a blow—almost as bitter a blow as the one he had dealt her mother. And it was her good luck to hand it to him!

Years of suppressed anger and humiliation seized upon this unexpected incident, as a falling man grasps an outjutting branch for a lever to safety. She was no longer afraid. A fire of revolt was spreading through her mind and spirit, and in that fire her fear and irresolution were being miraculously consumed.

Somehow, it seemed natural that she should find Randy sitting outside the shop waiting for her. Nor was it strange that he should say, in a firm, imperative fashion, "Get your mother, Olive. Mary is going to put you two up until we can make better arrangements for you. You're through down here!"

"Yes, I know!" she smiled into his eyes. "I'm through!" Then she told him about the newspaper office, and what the policeman said.

Randy tore open the parcel, and, snapping on the porch light, quickly



scanned a few pages. "See here!" He turned to Olive in momentary bewilderment. "Does the old guy hate Americans?" Olive shook her head "Not just Americans."

"Well! I begin to get the drift! Running down the Americans as shylocks and would-be imperialists! Enough to make any decent American sore at us—and vice versa, for the Canadian dimwit who might swallow this bunk! Say!" Randy whirled excitedly. "That's how the Nazis work! Stirring up trouble between the Allies. Look how they split England and France. Now they'd like to see bad feeling between Canada and United States. No wonder the old man thinks you should be his slave! No wonder he blows up at the thought of you making planes to blast Heinies! Say—did you know about this?"

"Yes. That was the real reason I was so scared.. I was afraid he'd kill me—or mother. Oh, perhaps not actually kill us—it's so hard to explain, Randy! His whole life is built on fear, and he rules mother and me with it."

"Not any more, he won't!" Randy said grimly, and pocketed the incriminating papers. "It's the second front for Adolph Reinhardt right now. Let's go in honey!"

But Reinhardt stood in the passage, a black rock in a grey sea of smokey light. His fierce eyes bored into the soldier, but it was Olive he addressed. "Did you finish your errand, girl?"

"Never mind him!" Randy told her sharply. "Go on up and get your things. And tell your mother we want her too!"

Reinhardt's eyebrows furrowed down like heavy storm clouds. "Who is this fellow?"

"I'll answer that! Sargeant Randy Phillips—and, if you're interested, I intend to marry Olive!"

Olive flew up the stairs, leaving the two men facing each other in bristling hostility. The interval of silence thickened with the passage of each nerve-

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Portage at Hargrave

wracking minute, as though the very air were poisoned by the spume of hatred. Overhead, Olive could be heard speaking to her mother—and then, the sharp sound of Lorraine Reinhardt's startled cry.

That cry galvanized Reinhardt. With a muttered oath, he snatched up the ever present rope, and pounded up the stairs.

"Come back!" Randy shouted. "Reinhardt, damn you, come back here!"

He might as well have cried out against the tornado, or the wolf pack sounding a kill. Stumbling on the crooked, crazy stairs, Randy started after the angry brute. Then everything seemed to happen at once. A shrill cry that froze Randy's blood synchronized with the picture of Reinhardt advancing towards Olive, a small defiant form crouched in a corner.

"Kill me if you like!" Olive was crying, "But don't you dare hit her again!"

Randy sprang like a cat—but Reinhardt, incredibly agile for his bulky form, whirled and lashed out with the rope, cutting the soldier across the eyes. The biting acid pain filled Randy with berserk fury. Half blinded, he struck at the mountainous creature and sent him reeling against the cavernous desk.

Rage and streaming eyes were

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against him. Randy leaped for the wavering, half-seen figure, but Reinhardt, grinning evilly, raised his foot and caught the soldier in the pit of the stomach. Momentarily stunned, Randy fell back, instinctively clutching the one support near by: old Mrs. Reinhardt's high-backed chair. The whole room whirled dizzily; the floor seemed to heave under his feet. As from a long way off, he heard Olive shriek some sort of warning—something about a gun—and the loud rumble of Reinhardt's crazed voice beating against his brain.

"So! You have betrayed us! You have let your filthy tongue wag! No doubt you gave the papers with which you were trusted to the enemies of the great cause! You and your tin soldier! Much good will you get of it. There is a penalty for treachery—one penalty. Your fine soldier won't kill German heroes!"

"Randy!" Olive cried. "Randy!"

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Reinhardt leveled his gun. A fine soldier!" he mocked. "One kick, and his chicken breast caves in! Better the world rid of you both!"

"Randy! Randy! Oh God!" This time the cry cut through the sickly vapour that clogged his senses. He could see again, and what he saw pointing at his heart, jerked him back to full consciousness.

Old Reinhardt was grinning down the gunsight, savoring his sadistic vengeance to the full—gloating like a maddened fool. But his hand was steady as the blue steel of the revolver. Summoning all his energies, Randy tensed himself for a desperate spring.

Then it happened. Lorraine Reinhardt, emerging from the shadows, swept up the bust of Germany's Feuhrer, and hurled it at her husband. It struck him on the temple and shivered to the floor in a hundred pieces. The gun discharged with deafening, harmless violence.

"Nice going!" shouted Randy, as he leaped for the staggering giant, and completed the business with a swift blow to the chin. And what gave Randy unqualified joy, as he stood over the inert sprawling figure of Adolph Reinhardt, was the sight of a

dull red welt that coiled like a worm from temple to chin.

Still a little dizzy, Randy managed a crooked grin as he turned to the huddled women. "That should hold him for a while! Mrs. Reinhardt—you're a soldier! Olive—Mary is waiting for you and your mother. As for this Nazi hero—he and I have a little appointment to keep with the police!"

Like a newcomer to a strange shore, where horizons were still veiled in mystery, Olive stepped out into the night—a warm, and suddenly beautiful night, made infinitely tender by the touch of her mother's hand. The moonlight silvered the silent trees, and turned the ribbon road into a shining carpet for their liberated feet. In the distance, rivalling the crystal brightness of the stars, the broad windows of the Eagle Aircraft Plant shone like beacons of armed, invincible freedom.

And high overhead, a plane in the purple arc of the sky, droned eastward.

Olive began to cry.

The End

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